

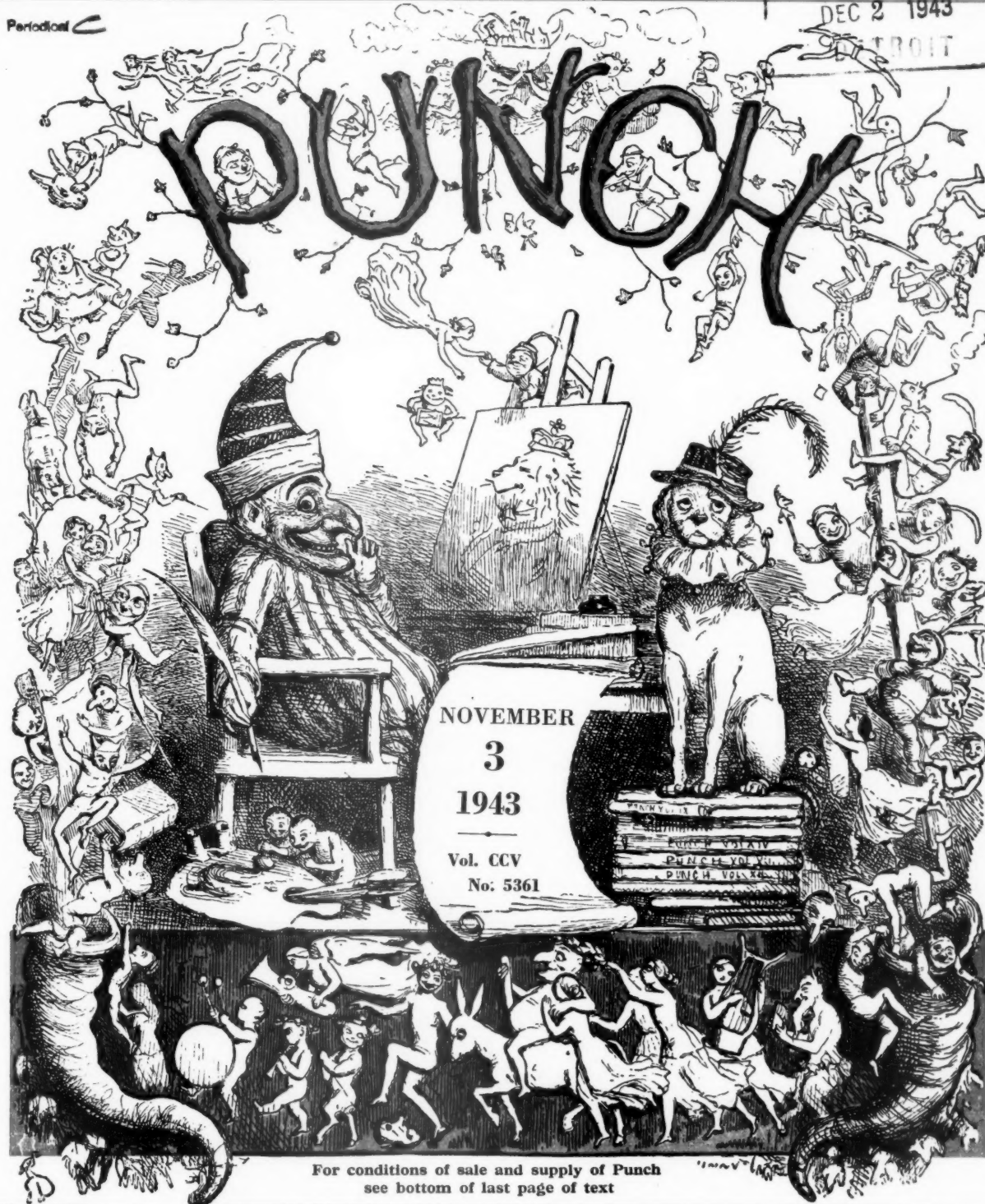
The Best
by far

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS

in Peace
or War

Periodical C

DEC 2 1943



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Player's Please



Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/- per annum (Canada, 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d. Canada, 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.



WHAT YOU BUY IS HITLER'S BUSINESS

Now, more than ever before, every available penny is needed for the war effort. By wasting money you are helping the Nazis to 'hold up' the day of victory. Join the forces of attack instead, by putting all you can each week into War Savings.

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Issued by the National Savings Committee

POST-WAR PICTURE

Remarkable 'made-to-measure' paint products developed by Berger chemists to fit the special equipment, varied technique and novel application methods of service use, hold great promise for post-war decoration and industrial finishing

Painted with 'plastics'

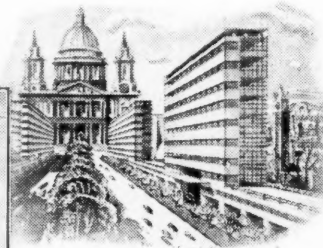
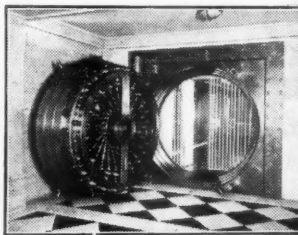
?

“After the war can I have my home painted with 'plastics' instead of ordinary paint?” Very likely — at the moment we cannot say — but if so — *Berger will supply the material*

Berger Paints

Lewis Berger & Sons, Ltd., London, Birmingham, Glasgow, Dublin, Durban
Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Wellington
Depots at Bristol, Belfast, Cardiff, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Newcastle

BASIC ENGLISH



An Artist's vision of how Ludgate Hill may rise again, harmonising tradition with modern efficiency.

THERE will be no true peace of mind and no solid base for the development of better business without first making things safe. President Roosevelt said there were four ways in which men might be free. The most desired of these is to be free from Fear.

[This message is an actual example of Basic English translated from our original text below.]

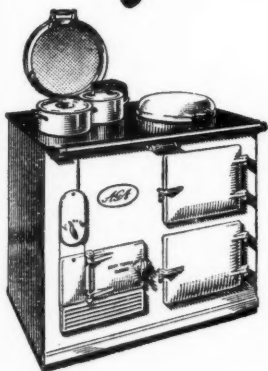
There can be no constant peace of mind and no sound base for prosperous advancement without first providing for security. The most wished for of the "Freedoms" is Freedom from Fear.

The Chatwood Safe Co. Ltd.

BANKERS' ENGINEERS

HEAD OFFICE: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND
Tele. Chatwood, Shrewsbury. Tel. Shrewsbury 4001
London, Manchester, Glasgow, Bombay

*I can't
waste
fuel*



*I've got
an
AGA
Regd. Trade Mark
cooker*



The Aga Cooker is guaranteed not to exceed a stated annual fuel consumption; needs attention only once in 12 hours; is always ready, night and day; preserves the juices and nourishment in food.

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"WHY ARE YOU WAITING HERE, OLD BOY?"



**"THE BOSS IS
GETTING MY 'CHAPPIE' RATION!"**

No dog minds waiting for Master if it means getting his fair share of the limited supplies of "Chappie" available. Unfortunately "Chappie" must be restricted to old customers until the end of the war. Vets and breeders agree that "Chappie" is the complete,

scientifically-balanced all-round diet for dogs. And, if dogs could talk, the lucky ones would probably say to the others: "Sorry fellers, that there's not enough 'Chappie' for all of us these days; but, when the war is over, bark for your 'Chappie' daily."

SAVE BONES FOR SALVAGE

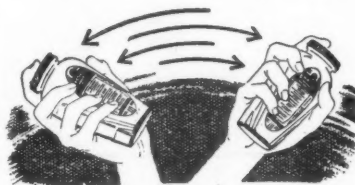
BONES—even those your dog has done with—are vital to the war effort. Salvage every scrap and put out for collection.



In air-tight jars, 1/-

"CHAPPIE" DOG FOOD

**To economise
with Brylcreem**



**TWO
HELPFUL
TIPS**

- (1) It is important to shake the bottle the right way, for 'expert shaking' makes the Cream 'fluid,' thus enabling you to control the flow. Grasp the bottle as shown (note the finger firmly on the cap) then flick the wrist smartly to and fro in semi-rotary fashion for a few seconds; on removing cap the cream will then flow without difficulty.
- (2) When the bottle is nearly empty add a teaspoonful of clean, cold water, shake vigorously for a minute and note how cleanly the Cream comes from the Bottle. Yes! you can use the last drop.

BRYLCREEM
THE PERFECT HAIR DRESSING

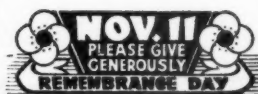
County Perfumery Co., Ltd., 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

royds 795

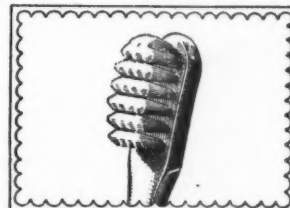


*To all
those good
things which
victory will
bring back—*

Schweppes



**TAKE CARE OF YOUR
*Tek***



Make this long-life brush last longer still . . .

Tek toothbrushes, like most good things, are scarce to-day. They are still being made, they are still to be found in the shops—but there are an awful lot of people looking for them! So if you possess a Tek toothbrush already—or if you are fortunate enough to buy one—take care of it. Every Tek toothbrush is designed to give long and useful service. It is made with care—and it will hand-somely repay careful treatment. Always rinse a Tek after use; for if toothpaste is allowed to cling to the bristles and dry on them, their resilience will suffer. After rinsing, shake the brush and leave it in the open. Never put a wet toothbrush into a cupboard.

**BRISTLES: 2/- Plus Purchase Tax 5d
NYLON: 1/8 Plus Purchase Tax 4d**

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gr. Britain) Ltd.
Slough & Gargrave.

T 12

Treasure your Swan

If you are fortunate enough to possess a Swan, cherish it carefully. Replacement is not easy these days. Wartime commitments must come first and factory output of pens is regulated by official restriction. With due care and attention your Swan will continue to serve you faithfully long after victory is here.



SWAN PENS are only available from Stationers, Jewellers and the Stationery Departments of Stores.

SWAN INK is still the best for all Pens.



MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD. Head Office: 26 Donnington Square, Newbury, Berks.



6.103

IN MANY A COUNTRY HOME

In many parts of our island Petter Engines are providing the power necessary for the supply of Electricity and Water in country estates. Our plans are complete for post-war delivery, when we shall again be in the happy position to meet, with minimum delay, the large demand for Petter Engines, which will embody superior features.

Petter ENGINES

From 1½ B.H.P. upwards.

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USE A LITTLE
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THE HOUSEHOLD PASTE CLEANSER

PRICES:
Size Two 1/-
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SUPPLIES
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SAUCES
MADE FOR
THE
CONNOISSEUR
by
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SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE

*Kayser Underwear
fits because
it's tailored*



.... and all Kayser-Bondor
stockings are full-fashioned

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the
name to
remember
for...
**RADIO
AND LAMPS**

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GINGER ALE
SODA WATER

TONIC WATER
GRAPE FRUIT

LIME JUICE CORDIAL
LEMONADE

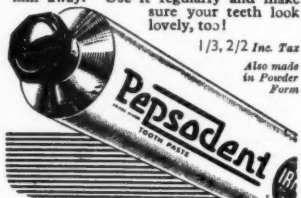
*A Beverage that will report
for duty with war's end*

DO YOUR TEETH LOOK LOVELY, TOO?



the
answer's
on the tip of
your tongue

Make the Tongue-Test . . . run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? It collects stains, makes teeth look dingy, unromantic. Change to Pepsodent, for only Pepsodent contains Irium—the super-cleanser that flushes film away. Use it regularly and make sure your teeth look lovely, too!



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Also made
in Powder
Form

VENT- AXIA

for
better
air
conditions



VENT-AXIA LTD
8, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.W.1
AND 47, GLASGOW & MANCHESTER

COTY

The Coty Beauty Service has spun a girdle of loveliness around the world. The excellence of Coty Creations is acknowledged in every land—their exquisite charm is beyond compare.

All the more reason for treasuring your Coty to-day, the supply is strictly limited. The Beauty Service that has made the name Coty famous must be but a shadow of its former self till Victory allows the development of our comprehensive post-war plans.



The creators of L'Origan, L'Aimant, Paris, Chypre, Emeraude, Stys, Muguet, "Air Spun" Face Powder, Eau de Coty, Eau de Cologne Cordon Rouge, Eau de Cologne Four Seasons, etc., etc.

C.F.2



DR. OLIVER

INVENTOR

Fortitude

We have learned to accept with cheery resignation and fortitude the scarcity of many good things taken for granted in pre-war days. *Fortts Bath Oliver Biscuits*, for instance. Austerity days are here indeed when, occasionally these favourites of two hundred years' standing are absent from the menu! Prior demands from the Services have affected for the time being distribution to the public. But when the world returns to peace these delightful biscuits will again be in plentiful supply.

Fortts BATH OLIVER BISCUITS

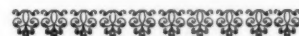


BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.

My regular customers plump for
Gilbey's Gin every time. And now
the boys from Canada and the U.S.
as well as the lads from 'down
under, tell me they drink it back
home. They all say—



I'd rather have
GILBEY'S
GIN



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Lace

IN AID OF THE
RED CROSS
AT CLARIDGES

(BALLROOM ENTRANCE)
11 a.m. to 5.30 p.m.

**THURSDAY & FRIDAY,
NOV. 18 & 19**

Gifts to the Treasurer, Red Cross
Sales, 15, Old Bond St., London,
W.1, for the Duke of Gloucester's
Red Cross and St. John Fund.

The above Fund is being
raised on behalf of the War
Organisation of The British
Red Cross Society and the
Order of St. John of
Jerusalem, registered under
the War Charities Act, 1940



THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY
Beechams Pills
Limited



Production is restricted so don't blame your dealer if you have difficulty in obtaining Gillette blades.

Keep 'em fit! You'll have to make your Gillette "Standard" Blades last longer, just as you did the Thin and Blue Gillette and the 7 o'clock blades they have replaced. They can take it — and give you the finest shave you can buy.

Gillette in battledress

Gillette "Standard" and "Standard Thin" Blades (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax. Fit all Gillette razors, old or new.

X-Rays

There are no fanfares for him; no news-reels show him in action; he wields no weapons more lethal than a slide-rule. But he is instrumental in placing a great invisible power in the hands of others.

He—and his colleagues of the research and development laboratories—have made it possible to see deep into the heart of the metal of vital things like aero engines and gun-barrels, to make sure that no hidden flaws exist; they have given to doctors and surgeons an ally of ever-increasing power and scope for diagnosis and cure; to them belongs much of the credit for the part which mass radiography will play in the final elimination of tuberculosis.

He and his colleagues have contributed greatly to Phillips leadership in the field of X-rays. Their knowledge and experience are of vital importance to the nation today.



PHILIPS
RADIO ★ LAMPS

AND ALLIED ELECTRICAL PRODUCTS

PHILIPS LAMPS LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.2 (20K)

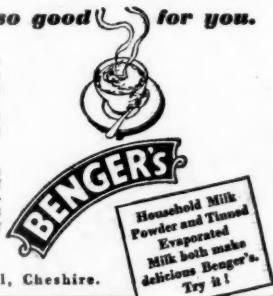
"Rest-therapy"— a successful treatment for INDIGESTION

REST is the finest remedy for strain. And Indigestion is a severely strained condition of the digestion. Give your digestion a course of rest and you provide the right conditions for it to recover its natural powers. So, follow this simple rule. Never eat a full meal when you are tired or worried or feel digestive discomfort. Instead, drink a cup of Benger's. Benger's soothes the stomach and gives your digestion a chance to recuperate and build up its strength. Yet it provides warmth and nourishment which you must have in a form you can fully absorb without the least discomfort or strain on your digestion.

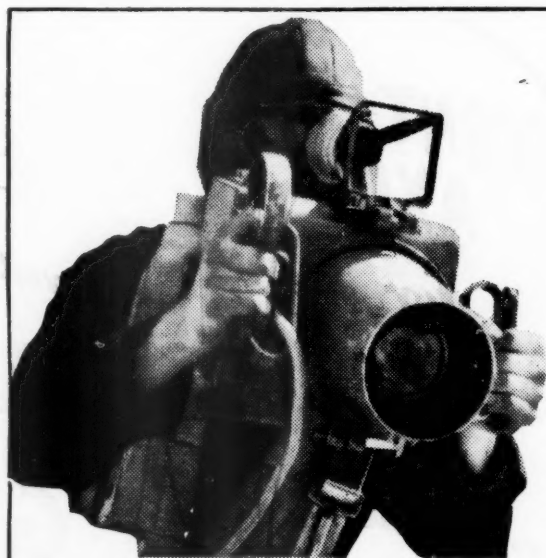
Why Benger's is so good for you.

Benger's is rich nourishment in a form which requires very little effort on the part of the digestive organs. It contains active enzymes which partially pre-digest milk so that you absorb the full value of this valuable food whilst giving your digestion the rest it needs.

Benger's, to-day, is as easy to make as a cup of cocoa. From all Chemists and high class Grocers—
The Original Plain Benger's, Malt Flavoured or Cocoa and Malt Flavoured.



Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.



Reconnaissance Flight. R.A.F. photographer making one of photography's many contributions to the war effort. Miles of film are needed for super cameras like his. Photography is mobilized for war, so don't blame your dealer if he says "Sold out of Selo!" Claims of the Services, Industry and Science come first. After victory, Selo films will be plentiful again, faster and better than ever. Till then our chief task must be **SERVICING THE WAR.**

SELO FILMS made by **ILFORD**
LIMITED
ILFORD · LONDON



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCV No. 5361

November 3 1943

Charivaria

SOME of the veteran Nazis on the Russian front are beginning to ask each other if this isn't where they came in.

By way of "prizes," Italians going to work in Germany have been offered all the privileges enjoyed by German workers. The Gestapo has been specially augmented to ensure that they get them.



"Steel shafted golf balls wanted."—*Advt.*
What's the game?

Eskimos in the Canadian arctic regions are now paying income-tax. We understand this affects current earnings only and is not retrospective regarding frozen assets.

A psychiatrist writes that one cannot catch a cold from germs alone, but one must first be in the right emotional state. Is this a feeler towards an Emotional State Medical Service?

Hitler is described by a neutral journalist as looking very worried. Perhaps he is taking Goebbels too seriously.

The Mussolini Government has decreed twenty years' imprisonment for anyone failing to report change of address. It is understood that even when this permanent residence is established no letters will be forwarded.

Braces are unobtainable in Berlin. Citizens have to put their hands in their pockets to keep their trousers up and the Winter Relief Fund going.

Goebbels' propaganda chiefs have compiled a short history of the war. Despite its brevity it is much longer than they meant it to be.

Hitler's chief worry now is that the satellite, quisling and neutral governments may unite and offer to liberate the Reich.

A business man says he would like to see some pre-war ink once again. He should go to our local post office and have a look at the blotting-paper.



A writer recalls an occasion when the lights in the House of Lords failed during a debate. At first it was thought that Lord Beaverbrook had fused.

"Another devotee of green was Miss —, whose emerald velvet dress with a shirred bodice was matched by a brown hat." *Cheshire Paper.*
Surely not before they spilt the coffee?

It is a punishable offence in New York to open an umbrella in front of a horse. In addition, the umbrella is confiscated if its owner happens to be passing at the time.



Poetic Drama

THE citation by the "Radio Critic" of the *Sunday Times* of that remarkable passage from *The Dynasts* which runs:

We are, in fine, too fully warranted
On moral grounds to strike at Bonaparte,
If we at any crisis reckon it
Expedient so to do. The Government
Will act throughout in concert with the Allies,
And Ministers are well within their rights
To claim that their responsibility
Be not disturbed by hackneyed forms of speech
("Oh, oh"). . . .

has reminded me that, though so many of our immortal dramas have been written in blank verse (with occasional interludes of rhyme), the practice has not in recent years (despite the influence of Mr. T. S. Eliot and a few others) been sufficiently common.

Yet the people love poetry, and I am still prompted to hope that by my own series of dramas entitled *Baker Street*, which at the time when they were written were rejected by every actor-manager in London, may yet, if not enacted on the West End stage, be heard at least by listeners at their own firesides. There was a time when I was so young and so ambitious as to put forward the proposal of rewriting the whole *Encyclopædia Britannica* in blank verse; but other occupations intervened and I contented myself with *Baker Street*. It must be admitted of course that in any exercise of this kind I was but feebly following in the footsteps of Sir Max Beerbohm and Mr. Hilaire Belloc, but neither of them, I think, ever tackled the saga of Sherlock Holmes. One of the best of my pieces (if a stepson may be so vain) was entitled *The Cardboard Box* and began, so far as I can recollect, as follows:

S. H. You are dreaming, Watson, and I know your dreams;
It was indeed a most preposterous way
Of settling a political dispute.

W. Holmes, you astound me! How could you have guessed?

I have been sitting quietly in my chair
Reading and thinking.

H. Ah, but not your eyes!

You do yourself injustice, noble Watson,
And most of all injustice to your eyes.
The features that we have were given to us
Not to conceal but to expose emotions,
And yours are faithful servants.

W. Do you mean
You can detect the tenour of my thoughts
Merely by studying my countenance?

H. Can you remember how your dreams began?

W. I cannot.

H. Let me tell you. Throwing down
Your newspaper, you let your vacant eyes
Roam till they travelled to the newly-framed
Picture of General Gordon, and I saw
A train of thought had started. Then they turned
And dwelt upon the portrait yet unframed
Of Henry Beecher standing on your books.
You scanned the wall. Your meaning was quite clear.
You thought that if the portrait had been framed
It would have covered up the space still bare
And matched with General Gordon's over there.

W. You have most wonderfully followed me.

The tempo of the drama is not so far, you may say, very lively. But see how it heightens as Holmes goes on:

H. And when I noticed how your lips were set
And your eyes sparkled, and your hands were
clenched

I knew your thoughts were on the gallantry
Shown by both sides in that appalling struggle
Between the Northern forces and the South.*
Anon your face grew grave. You shook your head;
You dwelt upon the sadness and the horror,
You thought about the useless waste of life,
Your hand stole to your old wound. And then a smile
Quivered about your lips which showed me that
The futile aspect of the whole affair
Was forced on your attention. Is that so?

W. It is.

H. I am immensely gratified
To find that my deductions were correct.

But it is time, perhaps, to get on to the Cardboard Box itself. It was announced in the columns of the daily press as "A Gruesome Packet" and the headline was no understatement of the truth. The Cardboard Box, you will remember, contained a couple of human ears packed in coarse salt, sent by the ordinary mail service from Belfast to Croydon, and, as Holmes (in my version) pointed out to his companion:

The matter is the more mysterious
Because Miss Cushing, who received the parcel,
A maiden lady fifty years of age,
Led so sequestered and retired a life
That it was quite a rare event for her
To see the postman. But some years ago,
Being at Penge, she let her furnished rooms
To two young students from a hospital.

Here again the dramatic narrative is quiet and un-emotional. How different when Holmes really examines the contents of the box and applies, as it were, his nose to the trail!

This is no joke, my friend. The ears are fresh.
They were cut off with a blunt instrument
Which would not be so had a student done it.
One of them is a woman's finely formed,
Pierced for an ear-ring. And the other one
A man's, discoloured, burnished by the sun,
Pierced also for an ear-ring. These two people
Presumably are dead. To-day is Friday.
The packet was dispatched on Thursday morn.
The tragedy occurred on Wednesday, then,
Or Tuesday, or, it may be, earlier.
Who but the murderer would have sent his message
So to Miss Cushing? We may take it that
The sender is the person whom we want.
What reason then? It must have been to tell her
The deed was done, or give her pain perhaps.
But then she knows who did it. Does she know?
I doubt it. If she did why should she call
In the police? She might have buried them
(Who would have been the wiser, good my friend?)

* The line "They are gone with the wind, Watson, gone with the wind," must, I feel, have been a later interpolation in my MS.



HOME

"I hope they're not forgetting a corner for us."



"Of course you can't have Guy Fawkes night when the Home Guard use all the fireworks."

And so concealed her guilt and made an end.
These are deep waters, Watson, and no doubt
Only a pipe of shag can shake them out.

[Enter MISS CUSHING

I have some questions I should like to ask you.

LESTRADE.

In that case I shall leave you. There is nothing
More to be learned at present. Fare you well.

H. We shall most likely call on you again
Ere we depart for London by the train.

[Exit LESTRADE

You know my methods, gentle reader. Carry on for
yourself. But of course if the B.B.C. does ever really—
EVOE.

Gray Material Relined

THE curfew tolls beneath yon aged thorn
The pealing anthem of the cheerful day;
The moping owl, now smiling as in scorn,
Back to its mansion plods his weary way.

The rude forefathers lisp their sire's return,
The swallow twittering does to the moon complain;
The dark unfathomed blazing hearth shall burn
And pore upon the solitary reign.

Now fades the glimmering from the straw-built shed,
The ploughman homeward fancies he would rove;
They kept the noiseless from their lowly bed,
Save where the beetle crossed in hopeless love.

No children run beneath their sturdy stroke
With uncouth rhymes and mock their useful toil,
Save that from yonder stubborn glebe has broke
The lowing herd with a disdainful smile.

Beneath those rugged elms, with dauntless breast,
Some pious drops the caves of ocean bear;
The short and simple Milton here may rest,
The little tyrant on the desert air.

No farther seek his tomb, no trophies raise,
Or climb his knees of purest ray serene,
That teach the rustic swells the note of praise,
Or busy housewife, born to blush unseen. J. B. N.

Anatomy for Assassins

"If here and there there should be a coward among us who
puts a comfortable life higher than the honour and future of our
nation and by treachery and faithlessness is stabbing the common
cause and the fighting front in the back, then we are determined
to behead him in the name of the whole German nation."—Reported
Declaration by Goebbels.

Education

MY last subject, as my readers will either remember or have forgotten, was entertainment, and to-day I want to take the other side of the picture and talk about education. Education is the other side of the picture from entertainment because education is the opposite of entertainment. This is a hard fact, but it has the support of psychologists, who say that it is not so much that humanity in the process of being educated does not feel entertained as that humanity in the process of being entertained does not feel educated. What it does feel, they say, is an uneasy defiance which finds both its expression and its atonement in the entertainments tax.

Education begins very early so as to get started, and in its early stages consists of people who know things telling them to the people who do not know them. These things are divided for convenience into history, geography, arithmetic and so on, and for convenience the people who know them are similarly divided, though the people who do not know them remain more or less lumped together. In the course of time the people who did not know history, geography, arithmetic and so on find that they do now, except for some bits round the edges which the people who knew them first are allowed to hang on to to give themselves confidence. Along with learning things, education at this stage is remarkable chiefly for its effect on the pencil-box industry. Statisticians have counted no fewer than quite a number of different kinds of pencil-box, ranging from the primary, or American cloth, fastening with a snap button, to the slap-up, or cedarwood, opening and shutting like a Venetian blind. Statisticians, by the way, do not know any more than we do where the lid of such a box goes to when it shuts or comes from when it opens. Psychologists do not know either, but they are concerned with pencil-boxes only as an example of how subtlety can be too clever for itself. Pencil-boxes, they say, were deliberately invented to fool those about to be educated with the idea that education would be as interesting as pencil-boxes; with the result that pencil-box inventors ever since have had to go on inventing pencil-boxes to keep the pencil-boxes as interesting as they are already. Psychologists add, however, that on the whole pencil-boxes have had their effect on education, because few people can see an American cloth pencil-case without being reminded dimly of having once learnt something or other which they got to know quite well at the time. This applies to other things too, of course, besides pencil-boxes. Indeed, some psychologists hold that education begins as early as it does simply to associate itself with synthetic lemonade powder; anything associated with synthetic lemonade powder, they say, having as good a chance of being evoked in later life as anything associated with wood-smoke.

Education stops as suddenly as it begins; that is, at a certain stage in life people suddenly realize that if they had not given their pencil-boxes away they could use them for anything else they liked. Even so, a certain number of people go on being educated for another three years with nothing more than a fountain-pen to see them through. But sooner or later even these people find themselves, educationally speaking, out on their ear. And now it is that human nature's striving for what I can only call betterment asserts itself; because, having been in a daze of education for so many years, human nature is in no fit state to resist. It can never shake off the idea that it *ought to be learning*. Thus it is that people take to reading what are called *good books*.

What, exactly, makes a good book? Statisticians have found this hard to answer, because they notice that what some people call a good book others call a perfectly terrible book. However, they have worked out that the sort of people who call every other book a perfectly terrible book are willing enough to admit that the book they themselves are reading at the time is a good book; so this, statisticians assert, must be as good a book as any. Psychologists define a good book as the sort of book which only the person who actually bought it wants to read to the end of the page of when told a meal is ready. Either way it comes to much the same thing. Some psychologists say that you can always tell a good book by if there are a lot of almost identical books on the book-shelves it came from; adding perhaps not after all, because look at some bits of lending libraries. However that may be, the fact remains that some books are better than others and that some people read books simply to be educated, and that such people reading in buses and trains carry with them an aura of education almost strong enough to communicate to other people what the book is about, particularly if they are near enough to see the title.

Education is not, I need hardly say, all reading. Sometimes it is things like lectures. The point about a lecture is that the audience is there for a common purpose. This unites its members as nothing else. You can see it in the suspicious way they look round as they settle down, and the phenomenally rapt atmosphere of the first five minutes after the lecture begins. (In both these respects a lecture audience is identical with the audience at a chamber-music recital, but then chamber music is well known to be as educational as a lecture.) If a lecture is a lantern lecture, perhaps its most interesting feature is the way the lecturer is allowed to stand right up next to the lantern slide. Why this is interesting is because in ordinary life humanity and cinematography never get nearer each other than, in the smaller cinemas, a shadow on the screen of someone arriving late in the front row. To make lantern lectures even more interesting, a lantern lecturer is allowed to point at the screen with a stick, sometimes actually touching it. If a lecture is not a lantern lecture but a plain ordinary talk with the light on, then the most interesting feature here is the water-bottle; because it is so often the kind with the glass upside-down on top, and this never fails to evoke in the audience much the same educational train of thought as pencil-boxes and synthetic lemonade powder.

WE pray that it may not be long before a European tyranny worse than Napoleon's crashes to its doom and we can look back at the time when Britain alone barred the way to the evil hordes and say again with

WILLIAM PITT

"England has saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example."

We do not know how far distant that day is; but we do know that the needs of the Fighting Forces are greater than ever. They need everything we can give. Have you given all you can spare to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? Every penny means that some fighting man somewhere can have more of the small comforts that mean so much. Send to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

English Islands or Lost Off Labrador

V

IT is Friday or Saturday, August 20th or 21st. This morning when I crawled on deck, after an icy shave, I saw the sun for a second or two over the starboard bow. It was unmistakable—a very small pale-yellow disc feebly flickering through the mist and drizzle. I called the Captain to see it: but by the time he was on deck it had gone. It has not returned. The fog is as thick as ever. It seems colder. Last night my tooth was truculent, after a cold-water wash, and I fear the worst.

The crew continue to maintain that they never knew anything like it. The prevailing wind in these parts is south-westerly, they say—a south-easterly never lasts long. Well, this south-easterly has lasted for seven days—or eight if it is Saturday: and the fog for five—or six. It is all over the coast, they say—the local wireless gave a warning days ago. Perhaps in history it will be the Great Fog of 1943.

The Captain and the Padre have gone off in the dory “to get some fresh”—that is, to shoot eiderduck: and heartening bangs are coming out of the fog already.

Supplies are running short. But the extraordinary thing is that in this ship, in these of all waters, there is no means of catching fish. Not even a jigger. The *M*—is not accustomed to lying fog-bound in uninhabited havens. She steams from place to place on her errand of mercy and the fishermen who have their teeth “hailed” or their engine troubles put right gladly supply her with fish.

I could use a nice fried fish to-day. And if we had a jigger even I could catch a fish. For jigging is the most delightfully simple form of fish-catching known to mankind. It beats the boy with a worm, for you do not even bother about bait. You simply hang a line overboard, with a very large double hook at the end, like the flukes of an anchor. Above the hooks is a metal model of a caplin (a small fish the cod likes). You hang the hooks a fathom from the bottom and “jig” the line up and down, with short strong pulls. It is cold work, sometimes, and it may blister the unpractised fingers, but eventually, if the fish are there, you catch them, by the belly, the tail, or anywhere. What fools fish are!

“Fish”, by the way, for the Newfoundland, means cod and cod alone—cod the great founder, and

future maybe, of the island's fortunes. An old legal judgment, I read, decided that salmon was not “fish.”

To us, who have no high veneration for the cod, and even use the word as a synonym for the bogus or pretentious, this seems odd. But fresh cod in Newfoundland is a very different fellow from the cod we meet at home: and I could use one now.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell, in one of his books on Labrador, tells of the fierce voracity of this fish, which I, at least, had always thought of as a temperate and modest creature.

“A book in three volumes,” he says, “was taken from the stomach of a cod-fish off Lynn, England, and presented to the Chancellor of Cambridge University. Scissors, oil-cans, old boots, testify to the catholicity of the cod's appetite. Captain Hill, who lost his keys over the side on the North Sea, had them returned to him from the inside of a codfish. Two full-grown ducks have been found in a cod's stomach: the birds were quite fresh and had apparently been swallowed alive. An entire partridge, a whole hare, six (small) dogfish, an entire turnip, a guillemot (beak, claws and all), a tallow candle, have all betrayed the omnivorous leanings of some of our friends.”

After seeing some of those shiny sleek monsters in the fisherman's boat at Indian Harbour a week ago I began to believe these tales. The record cod on the American coast, Sir Wilfred writes, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds—a little less than me.

If I cannot get my report on the Future of Newfoundland home in any other way I shall commit it to the deep and hope that some Oxford cod will do its duty.

The Captain and the Padre have just returned with fifteen small birds. Sea-gulls, I say, “Kittiwake”, they: and they also call them something that sounds like “tickle-else”. They also brought five or six great lumps of ice for the larder—hacked with a hatchet off a great floating block “half the size of this boat”! This is fresh-water ice from Greenland's icy mountains. There is something to be said for living in sub-Arctic waters.

It is no wonder that the cod is a kind of tribal idol in Newfoundland, for the cod, historically, was the cause of the Newfoundlander. It was the quantity of great cod about his vessel that impressed John Cabot—and the

merchants of Bristol—with the possibilities of the “new-found isle”. Sebastian Cabot said that the shoals of codfish were so numerous that “they sumtymes stayed his shippes”.

And the fish has other claims to veneration. “He may be called,” says Sir Wilfred, “the bread and butter of the sea, for more surely than any other marine species does he supply a food of which the white man's palate does not tire. The flesh is rich and gelatinous, without being fatty. Every particle of his body is useful to man. The skin and bones make excellent glue. The tongue and swim-bladder are rare delicacies when well cooked, and have also been used as raw material in the manufacture of isinglass. The refined cod-liver oil is among the most sterling remedies yet devised for man's bodily weaknesses, which so often lead to deadly phthisis. The refuse oil may be used for tanning purposes; the offal is very valuable manure. In Norway the dried heads have been largely used as food for cattle. The roe is an excellent bait, and forms a notable part of the Norwegian annual export. On Arctic shores the well-dried bones, for lack of other material, have been used for fuel. For curing purposes the cod is unsurpassed.”

And the rest of the fish, no doubt, would do for munitions.

“Compared with fresh beef, the nutritive value of the dried cod is as nine to ten.

“Each female lays from three to nine million eggs each year. . . .”

So housewife, pause before you sneer again at this paragon of the sea.

It is a fault in the ancient fishing practice of Newfoundland, and perhaps some part of her misfortunes, that some of the goods in this multiple store of a fish have not been marketed, but thrown away. Even now by the wharves in many a little fishing port you can see in the clear water great heaps of heads that will never feed any cattle, of offal that manure no fields, of delicious tongues and even roes and livers.

But these extravagant habits, with Government prodding and planning, are passing. We have seen the patient cod in every phase and process, ancient and modern. You can still see him salted “light” or “heavy”. You can see him split and drying on the spruce-branches on the “flakes”—great platforms by the waterside built specially for him. You can see him

buried in barrels of brine. But the salt-fish market is the trump card no more. The Latin countries like the fish, especially on Fridays: but Norway and Iceland are nearer—and perhaps their tastes are changing. "Fresh frozen" is the signal to-day. And you can also see the young girls busily picking the bones out of King Cod and packing him fresh—boned and boiled—into tins. You can see their boats come home at dusk, and the boys deftly pitching the cod with pitchforks ashore (every boy can do this and every boy can "split a fish"), and the girls packing the frozen fillets into dinky cellophane packets (for flight to America, I think) before they go to bed. And when there is more of this modernity King Cod will reign as royally as he deserves.

But they have just given me "salt fish" for lunch: and I cannot say I like it. I look forward to the sea-gulls.

A. P. H.

General Post

THE Postmaster-General announces that the last day for posting letters and parcels to Father Christmas will be Wednesday, December 8th . . .

Is that really what I heard? Was it a genuine slip of the announcer's tongue? Or was it the last rearguard blow of my retreating influenza germs? In any case, does it matter? Not nearly as much as the chain of reasoning that developed from it.

I have estimated that the number of children in Britain who are Santa Claus-conscious is about four millions (3,975,201). Within the next few weeks, unless something is done about it, the parents of these children will be confronted by a moral problem of the first magnitude—whether or not to allow the dispatch of the usual batch of begging letters to the G.O.M. of Christmas. If four million letters (or single quarto sheets) are posted via British chimneys the war effort will lose the equivalent of many tons of cartridge wadding, etc. The question thus arises—can we afford Father Christmas this year? It would be relatively easy, no doubt, to keep the children ignorant of the approach of the festive season. It would not be impossible to rearrange the calendar and postpone December for the time being. If the Cabinet thought fit it might even arrange for Dr. Dalton to have a straight heart-to-heart talk with the children's representatives (at the Albert Hall, of course). The



"Switch the news on, Fred."

British people respond very well, as a rule, to a display of real confidence.

But, no, these measures are too severe. Oranges and lemons have already been promised and extra toys are to be released. We must not betray either the children or those whose job it is to do the releasing. Fortunately there is one way out of the difficulty. The letter to Santa Claus must be a communal one. I have prepared a preliminary draft. Suggested amendments should reach me as soon as possible.

DEAR FATHER CHRISTMAS,—It is now almost a year since we, the children of Britain, last wrote to you. It has been an eventful period. We have seen the democracies struggle to their knees and finally to their feet. We have seen the forces of darkness rock on their heels under a hail of relentless blows. When we look about us, when we count

our booty, when we feel the pulse of freedom still strong beneath our feet, we cannot but feel that the end will shortly be in sight.

Father Christmas, these are difficult times. We are inured to sacrifices and we ask for no favours. Rumour has it that you have acquired certain additional supplies. We do not wish to know what you intend to do with them. Doubtless you are well advised and there is probably no need to draw your attention to the vast amount of statistical material which the year has produced. You will already be familiar with the Beveridge proposals.

We wish you the compliments of the season and beg to remind you that our chimneys are much less sooty this year.

Your obedient servants,
per pro the Children of Britain,
O. M. HAGGLEBY, B.A., F.R.Econ.S.



"She was an excellent cook, but of course she had to forget all that and learn the Army methods."

Toller Reports

To O.C. B Sqn.

I RENDER herewith the required report on incidents occurring yesterday afternoon when I was officer in charge of training on the mock invasion barge and scrambling-nets.

With regard to the armoured car which unfortunately became stranded in the moat, this car had gone through no form of water-proofing and was not intended to negotiate the depth of water actually found at the crossing. On the previous day this depth was two feet but owing to work by the R.E. further up the moat on this occasion it had increased to over four feet. Although a number of R.E. personnel were within sight of the episode, no warning was received of the alteration in the depth of water prior to my driving the car in, when an R.E. officer arrived and explained the change in depth. Since water was then up to my collar in the driver's seat and over the wireless set, I decided to cancel the demonstration and ordered the troops, who had been paraded on the banks of the moat, to return under Sgt Pinhoe to practise backing vehicles on the mock-up barge, and climbing on the rope ladders and scrambling-nets, while I proceeded back to camp in order to change my clothes. I regret that as the armoured car was towed from the moat it was mistakenly slipped into gear and actually started up for a few seconds, this not being good for the

engine. A separate report has been rendered to the Signal Officer on the immersion of the wireless set: the reason why the set was not at the time enclosed in its waterproof cover was the vital state of the European campaign, news of which I was anxious to obtain for dissemination to the troops. I admit a wireless silence was on during this period, and I was at no time on the air myself except when calling Lt Cherry at a prearranged moment to test radiation. The anecdote complained of in the note from the Signal Officer was used merely as testing speech in lieu of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. I shall, however, as instructed, not use this method in future.

With reference to the accident to Tpr Parsloe, I was a witness to this immediately on returning from camp, and so far as I could judge the circumstances were as follows. Approximately nine men were descending the scrambling-net simultaneously, there being a Troop competition in progress, starting up the scaling ladders, over the deck, down the net and into the assault barge. Tpr Parsloe was about half-way down the net when his foot appeared to become caught in the rope, slowing his descent. Another Tpr, believed to be Tpr Highton, was descending more rapidly to the left of Tpr Parsloe and unfortunately must have stamped on the latter's hand, causing Tpr Parsloe

to lose his grip with this hand. Simultaneously Cpl Clegg, the Tp's champion climber, was descending at speed directly above Tpr Parsloe, eventually stamping on his tin hat which was forced over his eyes. This was followed by another climber accidentally kicking Tpr Parsloe on the funny-bone of his right arm, with the result that this Tpr was compelled to release hold altogether and fell a distance of ten feet on to Sgt Pinhoe. I immediately stopped this training and gave a demonstration of the correct method of descending a scrambling-net and it was during this demonstration that I unfortunately became enmeshed in the net to such an extent that it proved necessary to cut the ropes to allow me to reach the ground. These ropes have since been rejoined by the unit equipment repairer.

With regard to the further question of damage to the inner wooden framework of the concrete mock barge, and to Carrier T63885, I should like to take personal responsibility for the mistake causing this accident. Before driving vehicles down to the barge to practise backing-on under invasion conditions, crews had been thoroughly grounded in correct signals, given by the dismounted vehicle commander to the driver. Thus it was emphasized that the right fist raised and clenched required a left lock from the driver and vice versa. Owing, however, to the fact that vehicles were proceeding backwards instead of forwards, it proved extremely confusing to decide quickly which lock was required and when, on the arrival of the C.O. to inspect the operation, I took over from a nervous N.C.O. we unfortunately swung the wrong way and caused the damage referred to. I also regret that prior to this we passed at an excess speed through the water on to the barge, splashing the C.O. slightly, due to a steady motion of my hands being interpreted as a signal to accelerate.

As instructed, these signals will be improved and mastered forthwith. Could it please be laid down from Sqn Office what signal is correct to convey to the driver the order to change from reverse to forward gear, keeping at the same time a half left or right lock, as this signal has proved necessary in the event of a vehicle failing to fit immediately into position in the barge. The present suggestion is for a circle to be described with one hand while the other fist, remaining clenched, is worked slowly up and down, and vice versa for the opposite lock.

(Signed) J. TOLLER, Lt.
Home Forces.

Errata (tarara)

[NOTE.—This—as I have said on one or two other occasions—is merely an essay in a comparatively little-used literary form, and has no bearing on any real Errata, anywhere. Put your brains back in the scabbard. Cease to trouble your pretty little head. Don't think so hard.]

Page 5. For "Mr. Deep S. Gloom.—Dear Sir," read "Mr. Deep S. Gloom.—Drear Sir."

Page 27. First paragraph should read: "What annoyed him most, however, was that one small circumstance—coincidence, if you will—rendered the five best reviews of his book indefinitely suspect and in any event impossible to quote all together without creating an impression, however unjustified, of collusion. Hard as it may be to believe, the first name of four of the reviewers was Gerald and that of the fifth Geraldine. The publishers took the perhaps excessively prudent line of advertising the book with some vagueness, with the good opinions given no more detailed attribution than 'Vide Press'."

Page 138. Caption to picture of fish. Instead of "A Day at the Races," read "A Ray at the Daces."

Page 170. After "The lark's on the wing, the snail's on the thorn," insert "the milk's on the turn," but don't give me that old one about the cheese being half-way up the straight. Moreover, in the later quotation beginning "With a hey, the doxy over the dale," between "the" and "doxy" insert "unorthodox."

Page 198. Biographical sketch of Sir Collyflar O. Grattan, the mathematician. First sentence of the second paragraph should read: "An interesting fact not generally known about Sir Collyflar is that he is quite unable to count higher than two million and a half. 'I get giddy up there,' he says."

Page 201. After the passage "To whom does this extract from a newspaper refer: 'I think that is charming,' she said, 'and I will buy it'" insert "No prizes offered."

Page 206. Passage on the importance of the weather in this country. Well, this is right, isn't it? Haven't you noticed it yourself? Why even in the songs, I mean, they can't let it alone: such-and-such a thing has to happen *when skies are blue* and something else *when they are grey*: they have to allow for both contingencies, the poor blighters: the mention of one kind of weather brings a mention of the other, as if from an opposing counsel leaping up with an objection. Well, there you are then: it's quite true. So what do you want to go suggesting it's an Erratum for? Bless me, you make me tired.

Page 221. In the verse about central heating, the line "Ours is a nice house, ours is," should of course read "Ours is an ice-house, ours is." I don't imagine this can be new, but we may as well get it right.

Page 250. Insert as a caption to the picture of the plumber: "Mate in two moves."

Page 261. It has been pointed out to me that my recommended method of parting fighting dogs—by setting light to a piece of paper and waving it about in their neighbourhood—might bring the reader into conflict with the police over the paper-salvage question. Between "of" and "paper," therefore, insert the words "greasy or dirty." Similarly later on in the paragraph, the advice should read "Always make sure to have in your pocket, among the letters, newspaper-cuttings, Treasury-notes, etc., a good large sheet of thoroughly dirty, greasy paper."

(Fold it how you like.)

Page 290. "He maintains the interest from the first page to the last." For "last" read "third."

Page 301. After the reference to Mr. Prang insert "This was not, as incorrectly stated in previous editions, A. J. Prang of Glasgow, trading as The Nice Dainty Cement Works, Ltd., but his cousin, H. A. Prang, commonly known as the Wizard Prang, the conjurer, who gained some notoriety, after failing at a public performance to saw a woman in half, by claiming his money back from the respected Sheffield manufacturers of the saw."

Page 307. Delete the whole paragraph at the top of the page about the commodity I will here refer to as simply X. Reading it again I am quite sure that it would lead to a snooty letter in *The Times* from the Secretary of the X Association.

Page 317. Between "2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14," and "16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21" insert "15." The most just, what?

Last Page. For "The End" read "Finis." R. M.

"BUNGALOW; double-bedded room; sleep 3; mouth of the Alyn, under the Dee."—Advt. in "*Liverpool Echo*."

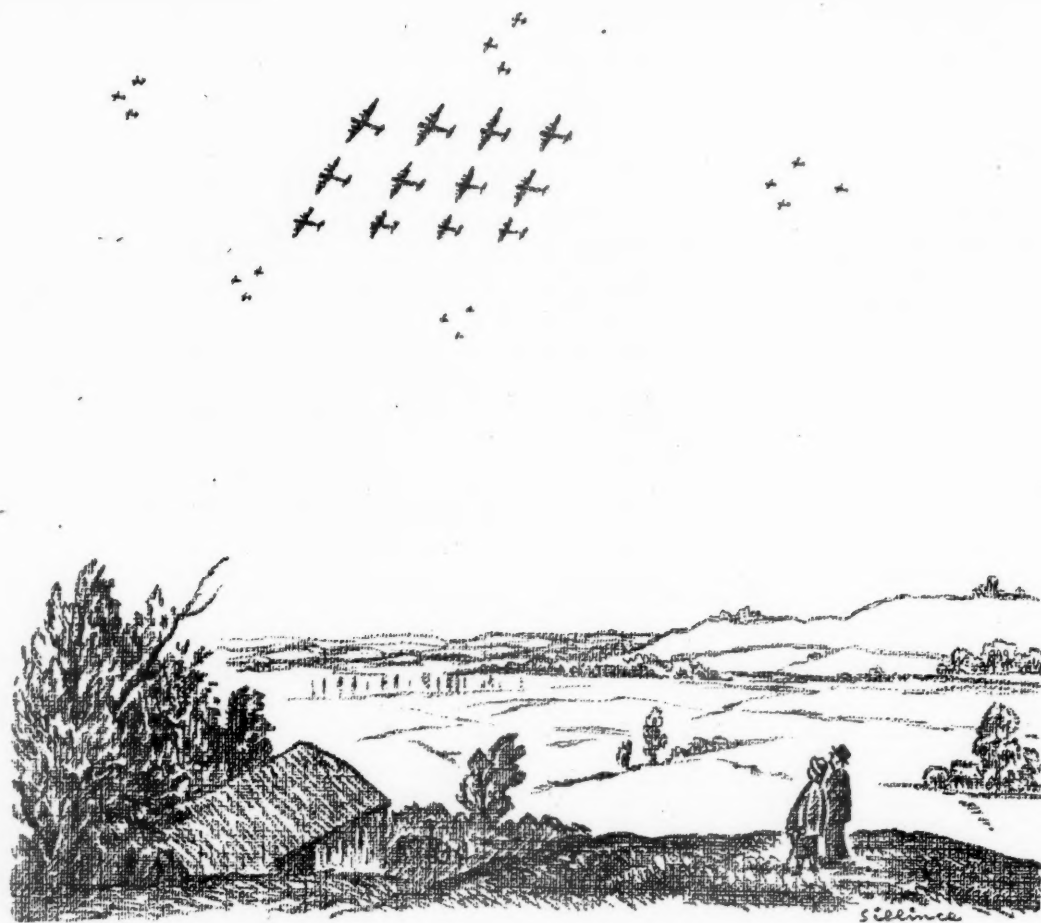
Any old trout think of retiring?

"Unable to get a taxi, a Brisbane bridal couple travelled from church to the reception in a tram—the bride in a long white veil and the groom in a dinner jacket."—*Sunday paper*.

Lightly come, lightly go?



"And as for your wife, I think we can put a lot of it down to war weariness."



"I think it's wonderful how the little ones manage to keep up with the big ones."

Getting a House

I BELIEVE I have found out a method of getting a house. Mind you, it would be easier to tell you the ways of not getting a house. One is to tell people you want one. Do this and you will see coming over their faces a look of dismay which changes to pity as they realize that you are in earnest and are really seriously looking for one. If they stay long enough with you they will tell you of their friends who have for months been looking for houses where you want to get one. Mention it to a man in a pub and he, halting his tankard half-way to his mouth, will give you a glassy look, gulp down his

beer and be off to catch a train. Then you can tell house-agents—if you ever get as far as the agents themselves. I personally never get beyond the universal conviction of the outer office that there never was, is not, and never will be a house to let. On second thoughts I don't think I would advise house-agents, because I know one man who got to know a house-agent, and he is now looking for a house for the agent!

No, the thing to do is to get to know a contractor. I don't mean one of those contractors whose names you see on boards dotted about the country. They don't bother about houses—not

just now, at any rate. The contractors I mean are the chaps you try to get hold of when you want a job done in your house—I mean when people who have houses want jobs done in them.

The contractor doesn't come of course—he's always too busy. But that's not the point. If you get friendly with a contractor, sooner or later you'll find that someone will ask him if he's very busy. This is the moment to watch for. Get him to tell you as soon as this happens. Because somebody may be going to move from a house that is owned by the man who has asked the contractor if he's busy.



"MORE NAILS WANTED!"

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, October 26th.—House of Lords: Lots of Ideas.

House of Commons: Phoenix, Act I.

Wednesday, October 27th.—House of Commons: Interlude.

Thursday, October 28th.—House of Commons: Phoenix, Act II.

Tuesday, October 26th.—Alas! how transient a thing is fame. Take the case of Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS, the go-ahead Conservative M.P. for Croydon. A few days ago he scored the best laugh of the session—probably of years—with a merry quip now safely enshrined (for the undoubted enrichment of radio comedians of *sons* to come) in the pages of *Punch*.

Now, with deep regret, your scribe has to record (for history knows no loyalties) that Sir HERBERT has fallen from his high estate; has been thrust, shoved and hurled from it, in fact. He has also to place on veracious record that the Wit of Yesterday has been de-bunked, exploded and exposed by (and here the very typewriter trembles in the hands of the—normally—impassive recorder of the Passing Show of Parliament) by . . . by . . . Mr. WILLIE GALLACHER, Communist M.P. for Fife.

WILLIE has many a quip and crank (no political bias intended here) to his credit, and many a time he has turned aside wrath by a witty comment. What happened to-day was that Sir HERBERT, having been unwontedly silent throughout Question-time (unwontedly silent for *him*, it should hastily be added), suddenly rose as Questions ended and, looking with carefully-simulated naïveté at the clock, while addressing Mr. Speaker, spoke thus:

"It would be for the general convenience if the clock above your head were made accurate."

Quick as a flash came the comment from Mr. GALLACHER:

"'Twould be better if the *honourable Member for Croydon* were made accurate!"

Thus, in a moment, the debts of a lifetime, the rankling of ages, were paid in full.

And the House, which loves a score, whoever is the scorer, laughed its bloomin' head off. Those who think that neither repartee was very funny don't know their House of Commons. Mr. GALLACHER assumed the satisfied expression of one to whom that sort of thing is mere chaff in the wind; Sir HERBERT, to do him credit,

laughed as loudly as the rest, and his hearty guffaw was heard above that of the Prime Minister himself—which, as they say across the Herring Pond, was "going some."

The sitting had started with something rather farcical, but, as it involved a considerable territorial aggression against the severely-limited Question-hour, everybody—well, nearly everybody—was determinedly not amused.

Sir RICHARD ACLAND, with his Common Wealth Party (Mr. LOVERSEED) in "Hear-hear"-ing attendance,



THE PARLIAMENTARY CHARMAN

"It was merely a matter of tidying up the present somewhat chaotic state of the law."
—Mr. Herbert Morrison on the *Parliament (Elections and Meeting) Bill*.

challenged the issue of the writ for the by-election in Woolwich, caused by the death of Sir KINGSLEY WOOD. He made the point that the House was just about to put right some of the injustices involved in the fact that there had been no new electoral register since the war began, and argued from that that the by-election ought to be postponed until the benefits of that restoration of justice could be felt.

Mr. ATTLEE, just then leading the House, almost leaped to the Table to assure the honourable baronet that he was mistaken in thinking that the removal of injustices would be so swift a process. It would take a long time, and meanwhile the electors

of Woolwich would be without representation in the House, in itself an injustice.

Violently elbowed into action by his leader, Mr. LOVERSEED urged that a register *ought* to be available in a few days since all the necessary information was already available.

The Treasury Bench shook its collective head with the precision and rhythm of a well-drilled chorus.

"All right!" snapped Sir RICHARD, who is nothing if not ruthless, "we'll have a division!"

So they went through the motions of preparing for a division, which takes up about twenty minutes. But Mr. Speaker knows his Standing Orders a great deal better than Sir RICHARD does, and when the time came to launch the actual voting he called on those who supported the Government to stand, instead of passing through the voting turnstiles. All the House, save ten, stood. Then, to the manifest discontent of the minority, he declared the motion for the issue of the writ duly carried.

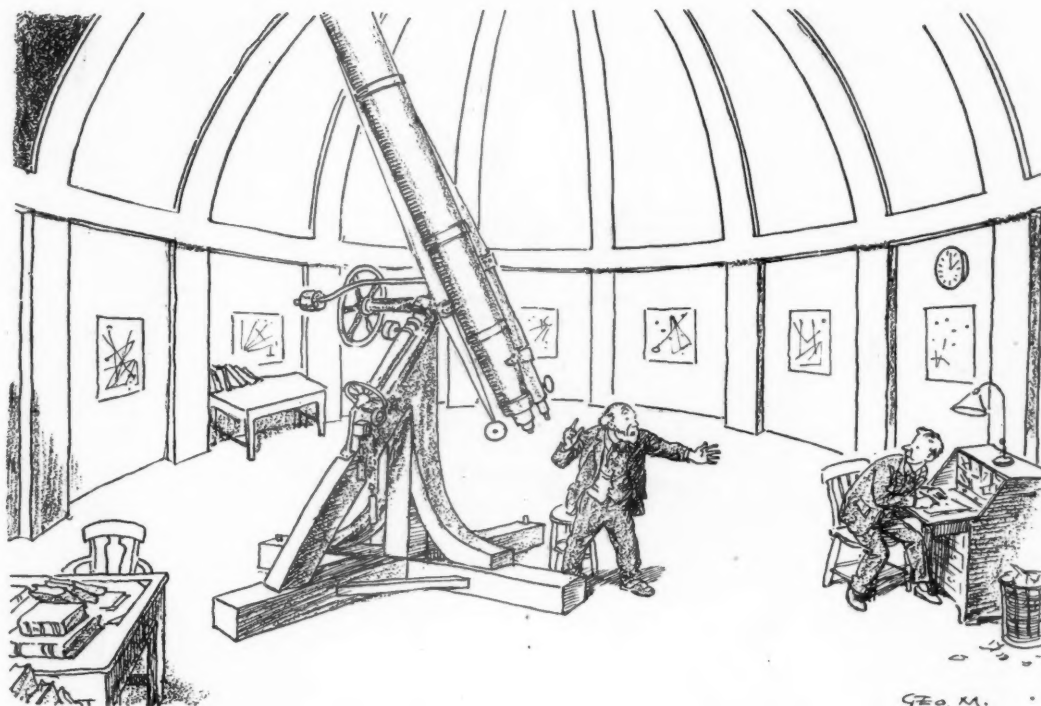
Mr. TURTON, who has been known to complain of the lack of clarity in official documents, asked Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister, "if he was aware that NAAFI (EFI) in MEF is charging fifteen piastres for an enamel mug, while a similar mug can be obtained in the RAOC officers' shops for five and a half piastres, and whether he will take the necessary steps to prevent overcharging by NAAFI (EFI)."

Sir JAMES fairly smacked his lips at this luscious wealth of initialling, and it looked for a moment as if he intended to reply that "TAIITN!"—which all Service people and Itma devotees will recognize at sight as being the official way of saying "The answer is in the negative!" However, he resisted the temptation, and left Mr. TURTON more or less happy—no mean feat.

Mr. CHURCHILL, still in his severe mood, got rough with Mr. HUGH MOLSON for referring to Sir WILLIAM JOWITT, Minister Without Portfolio, as a "stooge." This description went down quite well with the House, and indeed won a round of applause. But Mr. CHURCHILL stuck out his chin and said he certainly did not intend to reply to a question couched in such "very unseemly terms."

The House said "Oh! Oh!" but as the P.M. evidently meant it, the matter was left where it stood.

Then Mr. HERBERT MORRISON, the Home Secretary, opened Act I of the Drama of the Parliamentary Phoenix by moving a Bill to create an up-to-date



"Quick! Quick! My spectacles!"

Parliamentary electors' register. This will enable the electors, in due time, to elect another Parliament, presumably from the ashes of this.

But in order to postpone the act of self-incineration, Mr. MORRISON then proceeded to move another Bill which will give this Parliament another year of life. There is much learned dispute about the longevity of the Phoenix, but the precise age of this one is known: Born 1935—still going strong (or strongish). Should have died 1940.

In the Lords, Lord MORTISTONE urged that the married should have (so to speak) their licences endorsed, as a precaution against bigamy.

Actually he wants their identity cards endorsed, and he thinks this will cross the word "Bigamy" out of the Statute Book. But, so far as could be ascertained, the idea is not to be adopted.

Wednesday, October 27th.—Somebody wanted to know whether the upraised sword of Richard Cœur de Lion (on permanent sentry-go in Old Palace Yard) is to be straightened.

It was considerably bent (as was the hinder part of his bronze steed) by a German bomb in the 1940 blitz, and the questioner wanted matters (and the sword) put straight.

Well, said Mr. GEORGE HICKS, for the Office of Works and Things, after the war perhaps. After all, it *was* symbolic: Britain bent but unbroken, and all that.

Yes, retorted Mr. PETHERICK, but Britain *now* is neither bent nor broken—so what?

As the Parliamentary reports used to say: No answer was returned.

The House busied itself with a discussion on Workmen's Compensation.

Thursday, October 28th.—Mr. CHURCHILL himself presented Act II of The Drama of the Parliamentary Phoenix by moving for a select committee to consider the rebuilding of the burned and bombed Chamber.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

It is planned that this new Chamber shall, in very truth, rise from the ashes of the old, for it is intended to be on the same site, and, as nearly as possible, on the same plan.

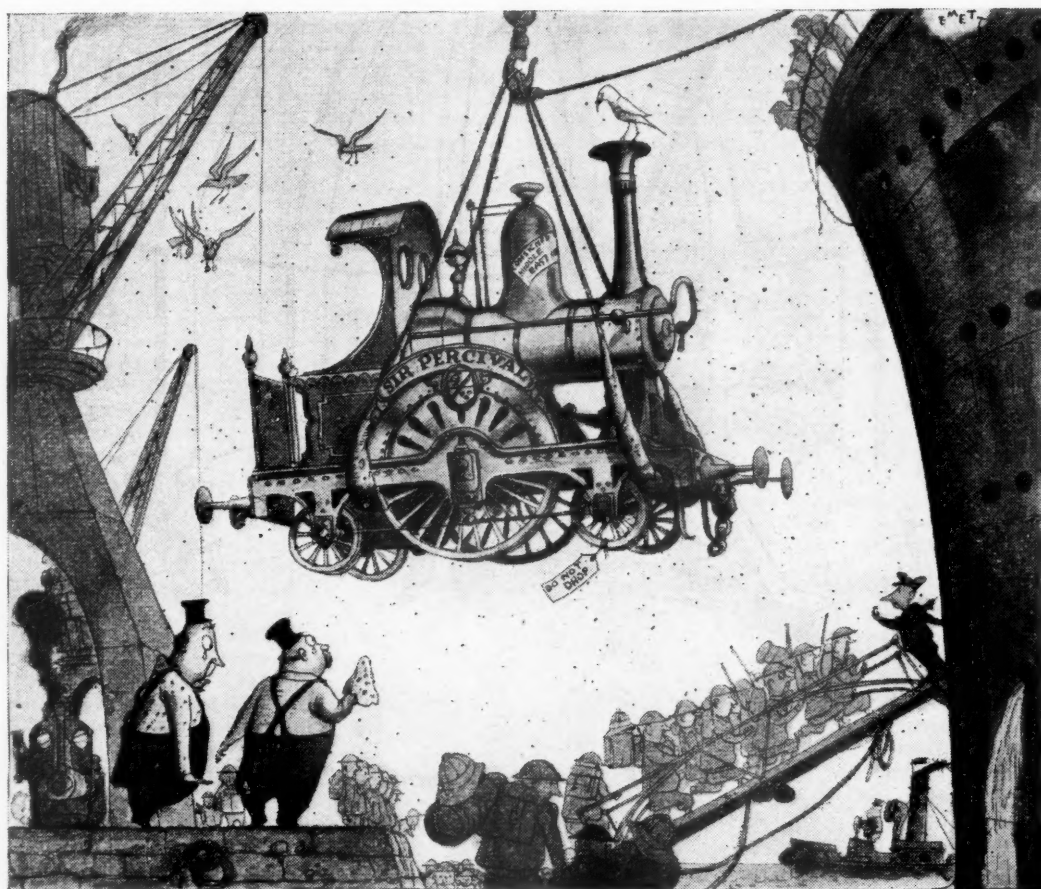
But, as a confirmed Phoenix-fan, your scribe, for one, hopes that the new will have modern conveniences and be so constructed that hearing will be a matter of precision—and not of mere ingenuity.

Careless Talk

"He was admitted to the Royal Portsmouth Hospital Annexe suffering from discussion."—*Hants Paper*.

My Dear Watson

"A burglar climbed up a rain-pipe to the second storey of the British Institute building here, last night, forced open the door of an office and attempted to break the drawer lock of the secretary's desk. He was apparently disturbed and left 'the job' unfinished. Naked footprints, measuring 10 feet long, indicated that the thief was an adult."—*Cyprus Paper*.



"... and when 'e GETS there I suppose they'll call 'im a Desert Rat."

More Field Notes

STRANGE things happen to us naturalists, even to beginners. I was leaning over a gate the other day giving my whole attention to a small white horse eating his lunch, when I was surprised to see a man walk up to the animal and begin whispering to him. It was clear from the expression on the face of the horse that though he knew exactly what the man was saying he was not impressed by it. The man had a shock of black curly hair and a rolling blue eye like a mad marble. He whispered something at last which made the horse look at him quite differently, and suddenly the horse lay down. The man nodded approval and came across to me. "Another convert," he said with

great satisfaction as he climbed over the gate.

"To what?" I asked.

"To the underground movement I have the honour to conduct." The man twiddled one of his big toes in a conceited way, where it protruded from his boot. "You will not deny, I take it, that the horse has been grossly put upon by the human race?"

"No more than the human race has been put upon by the weather, colds in the head and the Germans," I replied quickly, for I always like to put in a word for the human race when I can.

"There must have been a moment in time," the man went on, "when it was a sheer toss-up whether the horse

went about on our back or we on the horse's. We happened to think of it first and have taken advantage of that ever since."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I asked a little peevishly, for it seemed to me the man was talking rather big.

"I am arranging for horses as a whole to lie down instantly on the approach of a human being. Sportsmen, jockeys and draymen throughout the world will shortly be faced by millions and millions of tons of perfectly inert horse. Good morning." And he went striding away up the lane. But he turned back for a moment. "Only the donkeys will be left standing," he shouted.

On this important question of leaning over gates, I have observed with approval how much time is spent by really good naturalists in doing nothing else. In this respect I have the makings of a very good naturalist indeed. I find that the ordinary ready-made gate fits me well enough, though one day I intend to have a five-barred gate made to measure, well-padded on top and electrically heated for winter gazing, which will last me the rest of my life. But not of course until I have done something to earn it, like discovering that chiff-chaffs were mammals up to the Wars of the Roses, or inventing a machine, as my Uncle Athelstane so nearly did, for calibrating the emotions of marriageable snails.

* * * * *

In all the vast and turgid literature of bird-watching I can find no mention of a bird-watcher turning up at his hide to discover that a bird-watching dog had got there before him. A long khaki dog with ears like sound-locators and so little ground-clearance that it was difficult to tell whether it was standing up or lying down, it was in a fever of concentration, studying the traffic on the pond. Each time a new make of bird glided in to refuel it wagged its tail excitedly, and when at length a young heron arrived it set up an ecstatic moaning. I was in the act of wondering if so remarkable an animal would care for the loan of Coward or Thorburn when unfortunately I sneezed and the poor dog's day was ruined. It turned to me with a look of the utmost shame on its rather plain face, which was not unlike that of a cousin of mine, and crept away in spite of all my sympathetic gestures. The thought that but for an accident of birth such a pure passion would have brought it a knighthood at the least saddened the rest of my morning.

* * * * *

As Mrs. Amworthy, who rushes in for me, had never tasted whelks either we decided to give them a fair trial together. (I make no apology for whelks getting into my field of observation. It is a large field and there is plenty of room in it for whelks.) We disagree on everything we can think of except winkles, which represent heaven to both of us in a modest way.

"Slop on the vinegar, dear, I always say," said Mrs. Amworthy. "Keeps 'em quiet inside."

"Don't you think they're dead?"

"Will be in a minute, dear, anyways."

To look at they puts me in mind of a nice bit of cow-heel."

"Do people bite them or just swallow them, Mrs. Amworthy?"

"Goes by families, dear, ordinary, though you never can tell. My George he comes of whelk-biting stock and they chew and they chew. But he had an aunt, and you should have seen 'em slide down her. Lovely to watch, it was."

"Shall we bite the first one?"

"Here goes, love."

"Good whelking, Mrs. Amworthy."

A moment later, looking at each other through eyes half-closed with nausea, we knew that whelks had joined winkles on our common ground, but on the other side of the fence.

* * * * *

I wonder if I am the first observer to discover that caterpillars cannot

carry their liquor? One dropped off my hat at the "Jolly Farmer" last night, looking like a chipolata sausage wrapped up in a small Persian rug, and fell into my beer. By the time we got it out it had had all it wanted. For a few happy seconds it stood up on the counter and waved its head round and round as if about to lasso itself. Then it fell down slap in one of the most impressive comas those present had ever seen.

It was still right out at closing-time.

ERIC.

o o

"They changed their clothes by bartering chocolate and soap and, dressed as Italian farmworkers, started on their 200-millimetre trek southwards."—*Oxford Paper*.

No sore feet, we hope?



"There's no point in getting annoyed with me, old chap. It's that wretched theatre-ticket agency we want to be angry with."

At the Play

"THE LOVE RACKET"
(VICTORIA PALACE)
"SHE FOLLOWS ME ABOUT"
(GARRICK).

BOUNCING, restless, all but irresistible, Mr. ARTHUR ASKEY is the *sine qua non* of *The Love Racket*, a musical comedy devised by the late STANLEY LUPINO. What is his secret? He does not sing much or dance at all, but then a good comedian need not necessarily do either, even in a musical comedy. He chirps, he chortles, he banters, and he beams. Perhaps it is in the last of these accomplishments that we come closest to his secret. Just as Alice's Cheshire Cat could reduce itself to a grin, so Mr. ASKEY seems at times to reduce himself to a beam—a beam through tortoiseshell glasses. It is an expression which radiates bonhomie and self-confidence. It is the kind of bonhomie which some few of us may protestingly dislike—saying that this universal ASKEY "rubs us the wrong way" or "does not strike on our match-box." It is admittedly the bonhomie of the "life and soul" of the suburban party, the little man who produces a false beard from his waistcoat pocket, imitates a penguin or a chimpanzee at will, and evokes screams of laughter from young ladies who, between screams, declare him to be a "caution." But if one finds this kind of fooling tolerable at all one has to admit that it is mercurially and ubiquitously well done by Mr. ASKEY. His self-enjoyment is so intense that it directly communicates itself to by far the greater part of his audiences.

It has to be confessed that *The Love*

Racket is the kind of party which requires such a "life and soul" in its midst before it can be said to "go" at all. The book, with its setting in a Hollywood mansion remote from the war and more inconsequent and fantastic even than Hollywood, is both conventional and muddled. The lyrics, contributed by six different



FILM DIRECTOR AND SCENARIST UNDER THEIR GUIDING STARS

Bonnie Drew	MISS PEGGY CARLISLE
Jimmie Blake	MR. ROY ROYSTON
Tony Merrick	MR. ARTHUR ASKEY
Minnie Master	MISS VALERIE TANDY

people, are exceptionally unremarkable so far as we could hear them. Mr. NOEL GAY's music is rather less gay and Noelish than his best, and never really culminates in the one unmistakably catchy tune which, even in these advanced days of the genre of musical comedy, it is not unreasonable to expect with one's ears. The wit mainly resides in Mr. ASKEY's rhapsodical legs, though he has one good remark in describing some night-club as

"a kind of upholstered sewer." The charm is principally contributed by Miss CAROL RAYE, who has a very decorative dance before mirrors, and by Miss VALERIE TANDY, a newcomer with positive good looks, plenty of "attack," and an assurance which is a not inconsiderable echo of Mr. ASKEY's own. Ancillary to ASKEY in keeping the piece's gaiety fast if not furious, we behold Messrs. ROY ROYSTON, HUGH MORTON, and GEORGE GRAY. And "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart"—as Kipling said of the city of Auckland—Mr. FINLAY CURRIE now and again looks in upon the scene, as a bland film-magnate with a bland cigar well-lit.

Mr. ROBERTSON HARE reappears at the Garrick in *She Follows Me About*. This is, for Mr. BEN TRAVERS, a rather distasteful farce about a seaside parson who is accused by his enemies of photographing young ladies when they are swimming, or about to swim, or just done swimming. Mr. HARE being impeached is always funny, and when he groans "O dread!" or "O torment!" or talks of his vitals being gnawed he is irresistible in his familiar way. But these things are echoes from older and better farces, and the present piece has not enough substance or wit to make us forget that all such remarks ought to be addressed to the regrettably absent Mr. Alfred Drayton. Two clever players, Mr. BASIL RADFORD and Miss CATHERINE LACEY, work hard to make us ignore the absence of Mr. HARE's great partner, and Mr. HARE himself works still harder. But this play's beach is a beach with a Walrus and no Carpenter. The famous partnership ought to be reconstituted, like an egg, immediately. A. D.

Joie de Vivre (A.D. 2043)

"MY editor agrees with me, Comrade Hangjaw, that it would very much interest our readers to know to what you attribute your great age?"
"To my way of living during the past hundred years."

"Quite. You don't feel that the post-war period, which after all has been going on for a very great number of years now, hampered you in any way?"

"It may have toughened me a bit, young man, but I really owe my

longevity to the fact that I was born and brought up in the years of the Second World War."

"Ah!"
"I distinctly remember, as an under-five, receiving a couple of oranges. That was just before they were all

allocated, once and for all, to the countries of Central Europe."

"You feel those two oranges did something for you, Comrade Hangjaw?"

"They taught me that oranges were not really important in this country, although obviously most important everywhere else."

"You were none the worse for the absence of vitamins?"

"I learnt, on the contrary, to live on carrots. I can remember sitting on my dear mother's knee while she listened to a B.B.C. announcer speaking from the Hebrides, telling her how to grow carrots on what was once, I believe, the rose-bed, how to cook them in the sun, so as to save fuel, and how to serve them to the family on beautiful utility china."

"Then you remember the introduction of utility china?"

"Well, no. Just before I and my contemporaries were taken over by the State my parents put their names down for a set of utility plates. But the list was a long one, and fifty-one years later both had passed away without having received the necessary permit."

"I suppose one might say they were fortunate not to be actually standing in queues all that time. Can you remember anything else, Comrade Hangjaw?"

"I can remember not asking for bread in the course of some seven or eight hundred meals. It then became second nature to take potatoes instead. Now I come to think of it, I can recollect an occasional potato that wasn't boiled. The State school in which I received basic education, and learnt world-fellowship, true democracy, and modern house-planning, once got into serious trouble by deliberately frying a potato."

"Good heavens!"

"That was what put an end to the old system of voluntary magistrates. They tried the case and imposed a fine of twenty pounds, and so many people wrote to the papers about it that it was decided that no J.P. must be over eighteen."

"Our readers will be interested in this link with the dark ages. I do hope you can produce a few more, Comrade Hangjaw."

"Let me see. I remember having a book of clothing-coupons. It was towards the end of that totally unnecessary luxury, and the book had five and a half coupons, to last for ten years, and a good many coupons that were not to be used until one was told what to do."

"And what was that?"

"Ah, there you have me. We haven't yet been told, and the books themselves were withdrawn long ago so as to be used for paper-salvage."

"Can you actually remember a purchase of clothing?"

"We-ell—yes and no. I remember going with a Social Welfare Expert Rural Examiner of the Ministry and asking for some stockings. It was just after the over-eighties had been called up and were replacing young women behind the counters. We couldn't make the assistant hear what we said, and had to go without. So you see that I got used to the cold at an earlier age than most people, which no doubt hardened me."

"It's all most interesting. I realize, of course, that you never either drank or smoked?"

"Not at all. Not at all. An American once gave me a cigarette, and I can recollect perfectly a glass of beer."

"Was it nice?"

"Ah, I'm afraid I can't tell you that. It was at once sent off to the Relief Emergency European Organization, and flown by plane to the Middle East, diluted with water."

"That is what happened to so many things. Well, it's most interesting to have heard your reminiscences, Comrade Hangjaw. Are you likely to broadcast them?"

"I'm afraid not. Nearly all the time is taken up by the announcers giving the News."

"Of course, yes. So we come to this: What is your final message to our readers?"

"Tell them that I don't eat, drink, smoke or travel. One of my earliest recollections is of being asked whether any of these things were really necessary. I need not tell you that the answer, from force of habit, is always No."

"Have you any plans for the future, Comrade Hangjaw?"

"None, except to celebrate my hundred-and-first birthday. Do not, however, ask me how." E. M. D.

Stop Thief!

"Miss — of —, who will be 100 years old to-morrow, was visited yesterday by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of S—. They took her flowers."—*Daily Paper*.

"There is general uneasiness that the imported grain may not all get into the right stomachs, but Government officials do not intend to lose sight of it at any stage of its distribution."—*Glasgow Paper*.

Tough though the job may be.



"D'you know, dear, I sometimes think you're a little TOO enthusiastic about this street-savings group of yours."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

With Dumb Friends

GENERATIONS of children have grown up since *Black Beauty*, that stable classic, first appeared, and animal stories have moved with the times. *Black Beauty*, through all his misadventures, was delicately sensitive and mildly, firmly class-conscious, right from the first chapter in the meadow where his mother tells him not to mix with the rough family of the cart-horse. Beautiful Joe and Owd Bob inherited these finer feelings. It was the books of Ernest Thompson Seton and Henry Williamson which first began to give, along with the animal's life-story, a quantity of observation and science, the kind a little boy likes to get his teeth into. Do you remember Tarka, and the *Story of a Gray Squirrel*? In their tradition is MARY O'HARA'S *My Friend Flicka* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 9/-), the story of a boy and his colt on a ranch in Wyoming, finely illustrated by C. H. TUNNICLIFFE. The ranch is owned by an attractive family who consider all time out of the saddle wasted, and by the end of the book the reader knows everything possible about breeding, handling and training a horse. There is great charm too in the huge meals eaten in the kitchen, the windy grasslands and moving clouds, the boundless space of Wyoming.

Two of a Kind, by VEREEN BELL (COLLINS, 7/6), moves down into the swamp country of the Deep South, where life for animal-lovers is apparently so torrid that the words singe the page. It is all about training (significantly called "blowing in") gun-dogs, game wardens who shoot on sight, kennel-hands who drink in "small, frequent swallows straight from the bottle," and marathon pointer trials which go on till the dogs are frozen, bleeding, and eventually lost. Other dogs are left behind in the kennels, which catch fire and burn them to death—"nine chains, nine piles of bones." The two heroes of the story are a ne'er-do-weel who is seduced by the local vamp and a treacherous pointer who bites him in every chapter, but finishes up a champion. Is this a book for children? Most of them would probably love it.

Much milder stuff is JOSEPH MEANEY'S *Clipperty-Clop* (SANDS, 5/-), which contains forty-two nauseous little simple stories about old cart-horses, faithful unto death, kindly costermongers and quaint Irishmen. Mr. MEANEY, who is a Fleet Street journalist, tells us he knows nothing about horses, but has spent many golden hours among his pet friends. He is tolerant of humans, too. "Sometimes," he says, "I have been making my way home at night and seen 'horsey' men well on the way to being drunk. But I did not despise these men." He explains that his book is not written for money. "But I'll get a lot of happiness out of writing it. And happiness spells wealth to me." This is a handsome admission and exonerates everybody from buying *Clipperty-Clop*.

P. M. F.

In Praise of England

"The long record of English history has been fortunate beyond belief: the greater the duty that rests upon every Englishman to see that the future is not unworthy of the past." It is a very long time since any survey of our history and national character has been written in the buoyant spirit of these words, with which Mr. A. L. ROWSE brings *The Spirit of English History* (CAPE, 7/6) to a close. Some of this buoyancy springs no doubt from our achievements in the war, but, as his autobiography *A Cornish*

Childhood showed, Mr. ROWSE has always been a thorough-going individualist in whose view institutions exist to serve men, not men to serve institutions, and for whom the intuitive experimental English way of doing things is the best, and great Englishmen the flower of the human race. His book, which even those whom it will most exasperate must allow to be a masterpiece of condensed and lucid exposition, opens with an account of the various peoples, Mediterranean, Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, Danish and Norman, whose successive infiltrations created the complex but homogeneous Englishman of the last six or seven centuries. It was a piece of great good fortune for us, he argues in one of his most interesting generalizations, that our insular position prevented us from being swamped by any mass migration. Our invaders were picked men, and it is to this fact that he attributes the marked individualism of the English. The creation of a strong central state by the Normans and the emergence of a standard English, "the first step upon its unimaginable career of becoming a world language," are perhaps the two things in mediæval England which Mr. ROWSE approves most cordially; but with the Tudors just ahead, and space limited, he does not linger over the Middle Ages. His enthusiasm for Henry VIII, if not contagious, is refreshing after the coldness with which that monarch has been treated of late years, and when he reaches Elizabeth, whom he endows with "great *joie de vivre*," he sees everything in a transfiguring light. "The Elizabethan was, and will always be, our Golden Age," he writes, and quotes the lines that express poor Caliban's longing to escape into the visionary happiness of his dreams as though they were a picture of the reality surrounding Shakespeare as he penned them. His tribute to England in the nineteenth century may also seem too lyrical; but although England, absolutely considered, may not be all that Mr. ROWSE claims, he has at least shown that in relation to other countries she need not feel the diffidence which some of her citizens would think becoming.

H. K.

Gunshot Mixture

To a public that views with equanimity—if any public does?—the replacement of the generous contacts of doctor and patient by a bleakly official relation, Dr. GEORGE WONSON VANDEGRIFT'S *Corner Doctor* (JENKINS, 15/-) will come, one imagines, as a horrifying glimpse of a world well lost. For here you have described, with infectious but not uncritical enthusiasm, the extraordinarily idiosyncratic procedure of a brilliant American slum doctor of last century. This first Dr. Vandegrift was the writer's father. He started to practise—with very slender qualifications—in Seventh Ward on the Lower East side of New York in 1879. He learnt as he worked, with incredible avidity, improvising an original but successful technique in a tireless fury of devotion which saw him unerring in diagnosis at eighty-two. By this time he lived on his Maryland farm, bartering his advice for love or a sack of chicken-feed; but returning to New York for the patients who seemed, his son says, to wait even to be born for him. His methods, especially his use of hypnosis to combat hysteria, will interest the profession. His career and the grimy underworld it traversed have the lure of every record of high adventure.

H. P. E.

A London Coterie

The title of *Time with a Gift of Tears* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 10/6) describes the heroine's fate with consummate tact. She grew up, she grew older, she ran some risk of growing fat, she lost her lovers to younger

women, and then, reluctantly, she gave in. Now Mr. CLIFFORD BAX has not undertaken his first novel merely to record a not uncommon progress or merely to quote poetry at us. Something else interests him—perhaps equal opportunities for *femmes galantes*. *Guinevere* began by asking for the heroic marriage, one which should rise in a virtuous spiral to still loftier heights of bodily comfort and spiritual intimacy. This was refused her, and her attempt at an ordinary sort of marriage was half-hearted. Mr. BAX represents the lady as torn between the desire for fun and the longing for a family. Her real tragedy, if it is big enough for the name, is that she lacked any strong interest in life except in sensuality. She quotes poetry and dabbles in politics, has romantic ambitions for the man of the moment, but is really rather a pathetic and poor thing. Take away the beauty Mr. BAX has given her and no one would give her a second thought. But as the lay-figure in a leisurely picture of life as spent in and about London, between the wars, by a coterie of intelligent fairly well-to-do people with few responsibilities, *Guinevere* is excellent. The picture itself is not especially edifying, but it probably tells the truth.

J. S.

"Man Marks the Earth with Ruin . . ."

Considering that our continued existence depends on the soil, the statement, responsibly made, that more soil has probably been lost since 1914 than in all the world's previous history comes as an unwelcome surprise. It is not a surprise to the Americans; for if they have lost most they have also studied the matter most. Peasant lands do not usually become dust-bowls; for peasants put back into the soil what they take out and get the best food in return. It is mechanized and chemist-ridden lands which are heading for man-made desert. Devitalized earth means devitalized plants, devitalized animals and devitalized men; and *The Living Soil* (FABER, 12/6), which explains the all-important link between humus and health, sums up the statistics of disaster and shows the way out, is therefore a supremely important as well as a biologically fascinating book. Written for both layman and expert, its most technical chapters are as animated as their social conclusions. (The last act, for instance, in the microscopic drama of eelworm and predatory fungus is excellent theatre.) Proceeds go to the Haughley Research Trust, whose farms in Suffolk are devoted to the sound and inspiring purposes Lady EVE BALFOUR so admirably champions.

H. P. E.

A Controversialist

Now that the war is, if not near its end, at least, in the opinion of even the most obdurate opponent of wishful thinking, at a perceptible distance from its beginning, the spate of pamphlets in which mankind is instructed how to behave in future swells with each passing month. The pamphleteers who, broadly speaking, fall into two groups, left-wing and progressive, and right-wing and religious, have one thing in common, a much greater readiness to expose the obliquity of their opponents than to make their own faith and hope real and living to their readers. Mr. COLM BROGAN's *Who Are the People?* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 8/6) is a lucid, shrewd and pungent analysis of left-wing intellectualism, written from a standpoint which can be inferred throughout but which the author expresses directly only on the last page—"There will be no escape from ourselves unless we restore reverence for the mystery of the soul and respect for the natural dignity of the whole man. If secularists think they can restore these essentials by any other means than religion, we would like to watch

them try. On second thoughts, we would not. We have watched them trying for the past hundred and fifty years." What ingenuous and inquiring reader hovering between Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. J. B. Priestley, Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. Julian Huxley on the one hand and Mr. COLM BROGAN on the other will receive any spiritual illumination from this tone, to which a sharp tap with a ruler on a desk seems the natural accompaniment? Mr. BROGAN may persuade him for the moment that left-wing writers are largely actuated by resentment and envy, that they are callous about the suffering caused by revolutions, and hysterical about the suffering caused by wars, and that they are as eager to impose restraints on others as they are unable to accept them for themselves. But when he turns to the writers Mr. BROGAN has been attacking, he will find them as convinced of the perversity and ill intentions of the right wing as Mr. BROGAN is of the perversity and ill intentions of the left. One of these days, perhaps, the controversialists of the world will realize the cause of much of the confusion they deplore, and apply their gift of expression to revealing their own beliefs, not to attacking the beliefs of others.

H. K.

Words Outspoken

Short and stirring speeches boldly declaimed before a fighting public in times of crisis are apt to make poor enough reading in unemotional black-and-white after the event. Even Mr. HERBERT MORRISON's trumpet-calls recovered from the rapidly receding events of 1940 and 1941 are no exception, becoming mere outworn "pep talks" to-day. Fortunately in the later and longer addresses reproduced in *Looking Ahead* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 5/-) the Minister was not concerned with immediate urgencies but spoke as a statesman with his eyes on the future. Here are serious and apposite studies on the limits of individual freedom, for instance, or the boundaries between local and national government, and on such inter-related topics as the future of the Labour Party and the control of industrial monopoly. When Mr. MORRISON solemnly warns Labour that its real task, to be neglected at its peril in the rough days ahead, will be to ensure a policy of full employment for all, or demands the deliberate mobilization of our economic resources upon a co-operative international plan, he is making pronouncements which must be noted. They are important partly as representing the ideas of a great political party, and hardly less perhaps because they are personal to Mr. MORRISON.

C. C. P.

Press-Cutting Novel

James Lydford, hero of Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA's new novel *Mean Sensual Man* (HUTCHINSON, 10/6), was the editor of a somewhat high-brow weekly and Mr. MCKENNA has wound his story around the history of the last three or four years and documented it at every turn with references to what was happening in the worlds of politics or battle at that time. *Lydford* is concerned, as most of us are, to discover why this war has cursed us and how it may be made the seed of a better way of life. His conclusion is that "the fault was in ourselves, our laziness, our preoccupation with our own affairs"; the cure is to "believe in real democracy enough to watch over it and work for it" as for our "own flesh-and-blood." *Lydford's* long love for a worldly but rather magnificent woman and his brief passion for a charming modern girl fill out a crowded scene. Clever and sophisticated as this book is, there is hardly a character in it whose fate—or thoughts—do not leave the reader entirely unmoved.

B. E. S.

The Visit

"THE only bright spot about the Brigadier's visit," said Captain Hollyhock gloomily, "is that he is coming to us last, which will give us more time to prepare. On Monday he goes to 2756 Company, on Tuesday to 2757 Company, and so on until he reaches us on Saturday. I propose to ring up each of the other Companies on the evenings of the days he visits them, and find out what he ticked them off about."

"Personally," said Major Fibbing, "I don't care two hoots. We're doing our best, and we get no complaints about the work the men are doing, and I shall be fifty-three in a few weeks, and if the Brigadier likes to report that I am senile and ought to be sent home, I shall be the last to object."

Sympson, rather tactlessly, said, "No, by no means the last," so Captain Hollyhock changed the subject back to the question of ringing up the other Companies each evening, and in the end the Major agreed, saying that he did it only for Hollyhock's sake, Hollyhock being still young enough to hope for promotion.

On Monday evening he rang up 2756 Company, and asked how the visit had gone off.

"Not too well," said Captain Hooker of 2756 Company. "All our water-bottle-cork holder-inners were rusty."

So next morning we had a special inspection of water-bottles, and we were horrified to find that our holder-

inners were also rusty. We set all the men going on cleaning them up and, after that, felt better.

That evening we rang up 2757.

"He said we ought to whitewash the ash-cans," said 2757. "So if your own ash-cans are not whitewashed I should get on with it at once."

After ringing up most of the other units within ten miles we found one that owned some surplus whitewash, and by 10 A.M. nearly all the company were engaged on whitewashing.

"If the Brigadier likes whitewash," said the Major, who had suddenly decided that he was not too old to be a Colonel, "whitewash he shall have."

So we whitewashed the ash-cans, and the latrines, and the mess-room, and the old petrol-tins that stand demurely at each corner of every tent full with sand and water in case of fire. Our Kugombas seemed to enjoy the job, and spilled so much whitewash over themselves in their zeal that the Major said if it went on much longer he would be able to write home to his wife and say that he was in command of white troops again.

That evening we rang up 2758.

"The Brigadier was quite pleasant," said 2758, "but he said that we didn't seem to realize that Egypt was still open to air attack, and that by using so much whitewash we were making ourselves extremely conspicuous from the air."

"Whitewash?" said Captain Hollyhock in a dazed sort of way.

"Yes. We had heard from 2757 that he liked whitewashed ash-cans, so we whitewashed ours, and also the wall of the men's mess. But it seems it is only ash-cans he likes whitewashed."

We spent quite a lot of time next day removing whitewash, which is a much more difficult pastime than one would suppose.

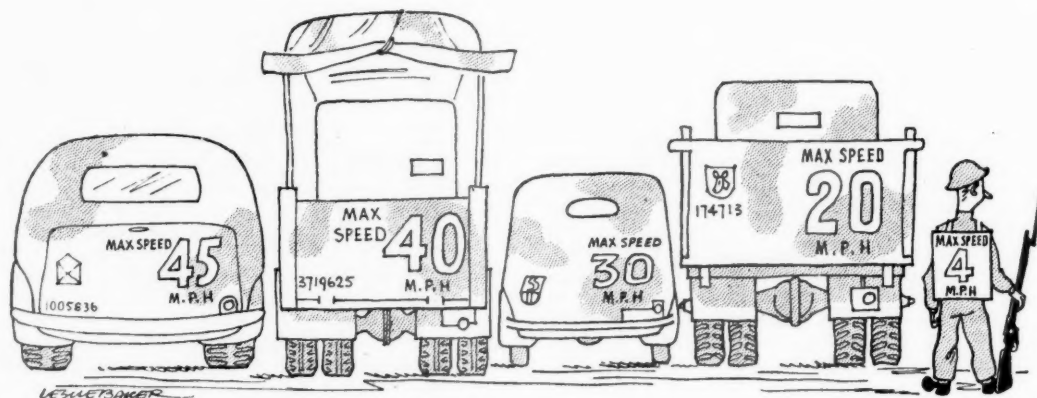
On Thursday evening we were told by 2759 that the Brigadier had complained that the men's hair was too long. Friday was therefore spent in feverish hair-cutting. And on Friday evening we were informed by 2760 that the Brigadier had said that he did not like to see the officers' tents near the men's lines. They should be at least fifty yards away.

The Major said that although the Kugombas were a patient tribe, he didn't intend to risk a mutiny by asking them to move our tents in the middle of the night, after the week they had had, whitewashing and unwhitewashing and having their hair cut and polishing their water-bottle-cork holder-inners, on top of their ordinary work.

So we moved the tents ourselves.

The Brigadier had only one criticism next day. He said that all the officers looked fagged-out. "Fleshpots of Egypt, no doubt," he said—"fleshpots of Egypt."

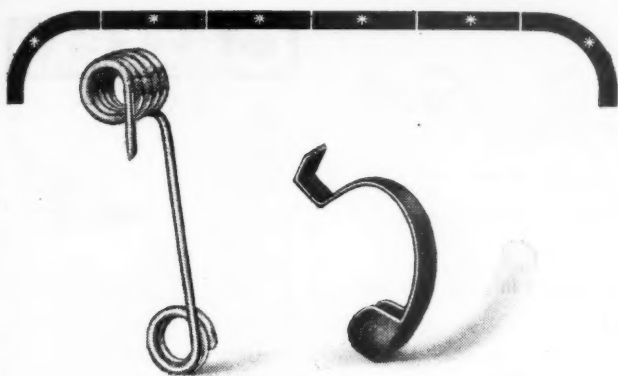
So he made the Major promise to have all the officers out on P.T. every morning, including himself.



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"You look old, Father William"

*"You look old, Father William," the
young spring said,
"And your back is exceedingly bent;
Yet you keep up your temper from
morning till night—
There's no sign that your energy's spent."*



With apologies to
Lewis Carroll

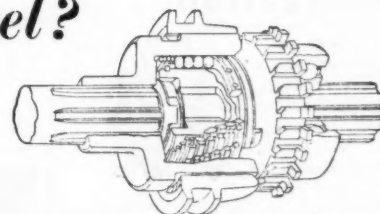
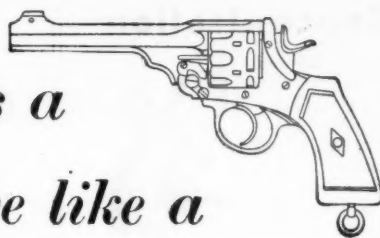
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*When is a
four-five like a
freewheel?*

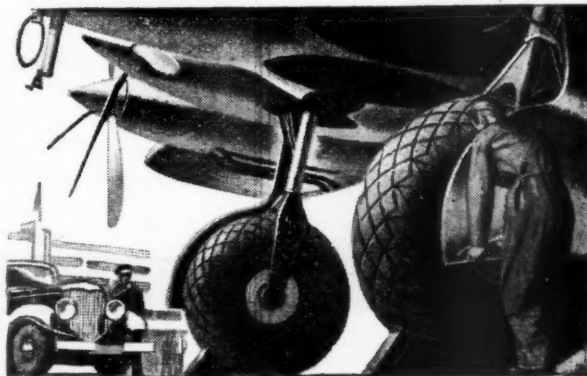


The .455—popularly known as the 'four-five'—is of course the famous Webley Revolver, familiar to officers of H.M. Forces all over the world. But nowadays the Webley factories produce mechanical appliances in many other forms, and here again they are known for first-class workmanship. A typical Webley job—and there is no higher praise in engineering circles—is the Automobile Freewheel shown above. Just one instance of how the precision standards of Webley guns are now applied to fine limit work of many kinds.

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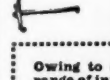
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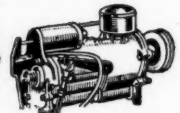
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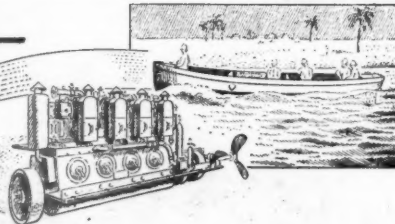
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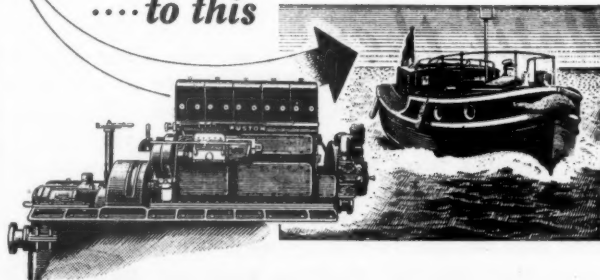
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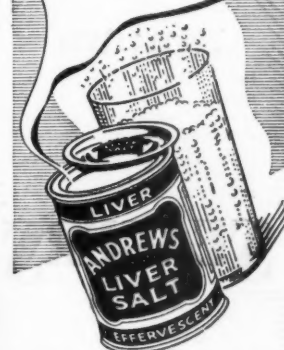


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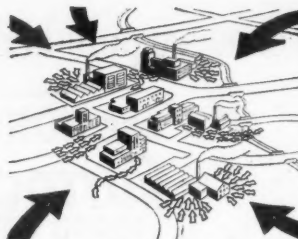
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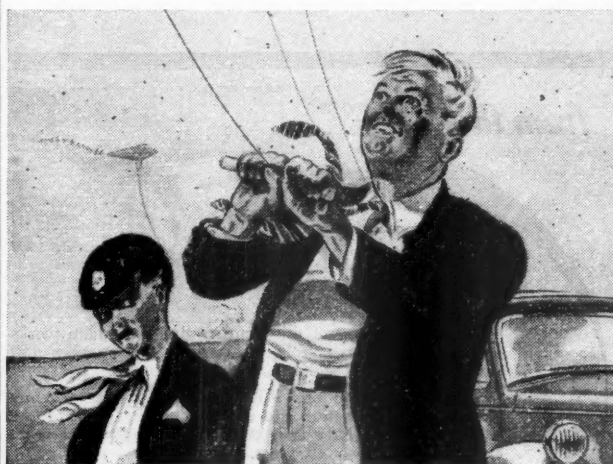
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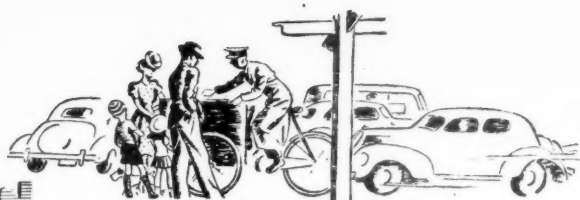
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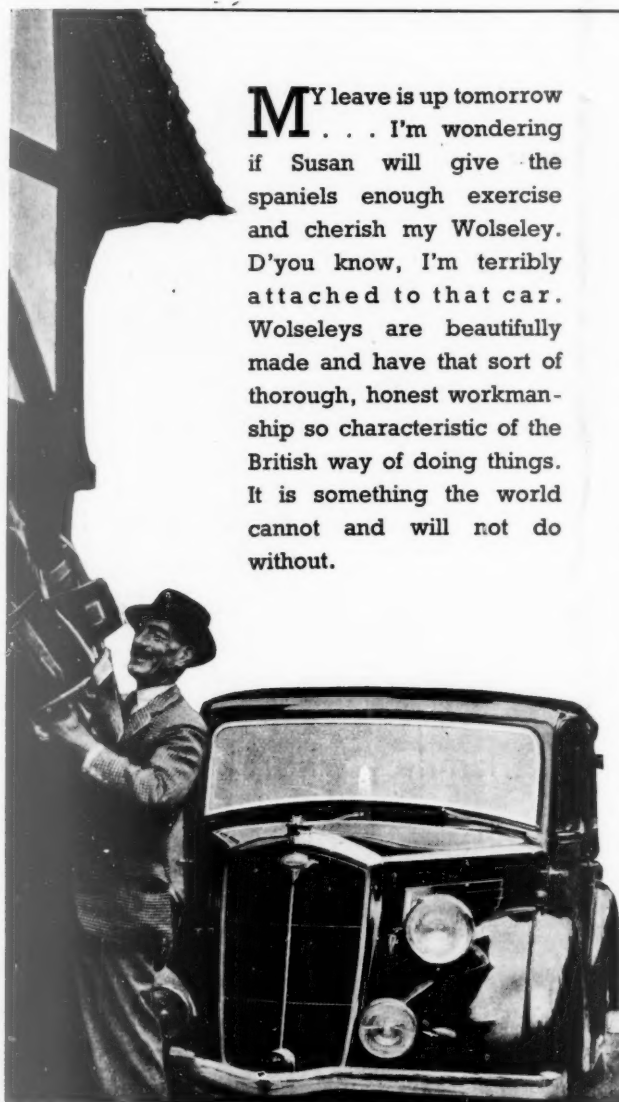
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